Abate thy houres, ſhine comforts, from the eaſt;
That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,
From theſe that my poore company deteſt:
And ſleepe, that ſometimes ſhuts vp ſorrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Heare ſhee comes, curſt and ſadde.
Cupid is a knauiſh ladde,
Thus to make poore females madde.
Her. Neuer ſo weary, neuer ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawle, no further goe:
My legges can keepe no paſe with my deſires.
Here will I reſt mee, till the breake of day:
Heauens ſhielde *Lyſander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground, ſleepe ſound:
Ile apply your eye, gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight, in the ſight, of thy former ladies eye:
And the country prouerbe knowne,
That euery man ſhould take his owne,
In your waking ſhall be ſhowen,
Iacke ſhall haue *Iill*: nought ſhall goe ill:
The man ſhall haue his mare again, & all ſhall be well.
Enter Queene of Faieries, *and Clowne, and* Faieries: *and the king behinde them.*
Tita. Come ſit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And ſtick muſk roſes in thy ſleeke ſmooth head,
And kiſſe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.
Clown. Where's *Peaſe-bloſſome?*
Pea. Ready.
Clow. Scratch my heade, *Peaſe-bloſſome.* Wher's Mounſieur *Cobweb?* *Cob.* Ready.

Clo.